

*Joseph M. Wilson 301 Tenth Street S.W.
Received June 14 1888 Washington D.C.*

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OF

THEO. W. BEAN,

OF

NORRISTOWN, PENN.,

DELIVERED AT

SEVEN PINES NATIONAL CEMETERY,

ON

Memorial Day, May 30th. 1888.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

THE NEARBY POST NO. 10, G. A. R.

OF RICHMOND, VA.

RICHMOND, VA.
PATRICK KEENAN, PRINTER.
1888

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NORRISTOWN, PA., June 4, 1888.

*Comrade Edgar Allan, Past J. V. C. in Chief G. A. R.
Chairman Memorial Committee, Phil Kearny Post,
Richmond, Virginia :*

Complying with your request, I herewith forward you the copy of my address delivered at Seven Pines National Cemetery on Wednesday last. It was prepared with no idea of a life beyond the day it was spoken, amid the graves of the Nation's dead. If, however, it will aid your little struggling band of veteran-soldier-patriots in their laudable efforts to establish a permanent Memorial Fund, and from its income to keep alive the memories of the thousands of our comrades, the guardians of whose graves you are, then, indeed, are you welcome to use it as you will.

If our comrades North could form a conception of the work your Post has done and is doing, you would never again have to ask aid in accomplishing your holy work; and could the various corps of our noble auxilliary—the Woman's Relief Corps—but have witnessed what greeted my eyes and gladdened my heart, as their work, they would have hailed it as the grandest achievement of their history as an organization. All honor to our noble women, to whom I would dedicate the words I spoke amid the flowers they furnished.

Sincerely yours in F. C. and L.,

THEO. W. BEAN.

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ADDRESS.

Comrades and Citizens :

Pilgrims to holy lands and sacred shrines have paid deserved homage to manly heroism, in all ages of the world. Tombs and epitaphs weary mortals ever crave at the end of life's journey. Memory is immortal. The grave of lost hope has never been found; the soul protests against the idea of its annihilation. Roman, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldean and Egyptian invested their noble dead with honored sepulchre; love, gratitude and wealth invoked the master hand of Art, to immortalize their memory in ornate bronze, marble shaft and mausoleum. These races have all left monumental proofs and prophesies of man's sense of eternal life.

These mortuary sentinels on the historic shores of time, preserve the name of families, the fame of heroes, and the achievements of races. Mother England glorifies her dead within the classic walls of Westminster Abbey, and grants an "initial letter" over the obscure graves of her felon dead of Newgate. America would be false to precedent, race and fatherhood, did we fail to add our rounds in the ladder of immortality, which the angels of our better nature have been building, ever since the ancient patriarch saw a stairway between heaven and earth. The Grand Army of the Republic will pass out of existence with the death of the last Union soldier of the war. It has added its round to the mystic ladder, by canonizing its dead in the services of Memorial Day.

In 1861 Americanized Anglo-Saxon of the North met Americanized Anglo-Saxon of the South; the shock of battle was felt from Seven Pines to Pea Ridge; thousands and tens of thousands fell where they fought; the passionate hate of the hour was consumed by the fire and charge of the conflict, and where shot and shell hissed in horrid wrath, where infuriated armies were engaged in deadly strife—on these same fields surviving foemen now meet, and in peaceful friendship honor the 1,400 graves at Seven Pines, and send kindly

greeting to their fellow countrymen, who this day pay fraternal tribute to the 32,500 Union graves in Virginia—Virginia in the Union—Virginia loyal to the one flag that floats in triumph over a continental republic.

There is a legend of an ancient Roman Forum, within which a chasm opened, wide and deep. A superstitious people imagined it to be the work of an angry god, whose wrath could only be appeased by sacrificial offerings. Into its yawning depths they poured their emblems of husbandry, commercial wealth and political power; the banker cast in his glittering gold, the sorcerer his magic wand, the warrior his armor of steel, the sculptor his graver, the musician her harp, beauty its adornments, the highwayman his spoil, idolatry its brazen gods; but the insatiable maw widened and deepened, the pagan city and its inhabitants seemed upon the brink of annihilation.

Then came a noble Roman youth, the patrician knight Quintus Curtius, saying, "What is it that Rome holds most precious? Is it not her manhood?" and plunged into the gap, which closed, and closed forever.

In 1861, twenty-seven years ago, a political chasm opened across the continent, as wide and deep, as perilous and insatiable, as that of legendary Rome. Into it we cast the priceless offerings of peace, a fugitive slave law—a Dred Scott decision—personal liberty bills, the literature of an impending and irrepressible conflict—an Uncle Tom's Cabin—and the body of old John Brown. And still the chasm widened and deepened; statesmanship cast in its pride of opinion—aggressive reform stood transfixed in mute awe upon its brink—an enlightened humanity shrank from the appalling danger, religious thought, measurably subsidized by the curse of human slavery, gave to its remorseless maw its sacred creeds—and universal love sought to throw the veil of fellowship across the dark abyss; all, all in vain. The Manhood of the Republic alone could fill, and bridge the dreadful chasm. Citizanship, grounded in the traditional and historical love and unity of country, was the last and accepted sacrifice.

Promptly and nobly the citizen came to the country's rescue, sacrificing home and loved ones, exchanging

ease for toil, plenty for poverty, peace for peril, life for death.

As an example of man's love of *liberty*, and the unity of his country, the rise and rush of men to arms in 1861 is without a parallel in the history of mankind; that liberty, despite and above all the intrigues and political sins committed in its name, man still loves; it is what gives point and value to his life; in its exercise he is the embodiment of enterprise and noble purpose; he is civilizer, Christian, hero, statesman and poet, and vocalizes a continent with the hum of his industries. For this blessed boon he battles with and overcomes the adverse elements of nature, surmounts difficulties, and dares death in a hundred forms. It is his social blood, his political marrow, the signet of his sovereignty.

The great fatherhood of our country, who left their imprint in blood and sacrificial suffering on the banks of the James and York Rivers, Plymouth Rock, the Hudson, and the Delaware, also left a progeny North and South, whose loyalty to leaders, whose bravery in battle, whose industry and indurance, demonstrates the glory of our inheritance, and in the grand battles fought between ourselves, however unfortunate in some respects, reveals a manhood of the Republic, as now reunited, capable and willing to protect and defend the Union against the political powers of the earth. Peace, Independence and the Republic were the fruits of the Revolution. The period had its embittering environments. Families were divided, alienations and sundered affections generated political hatred; the words "Tory" and "Rebel" were expressive terms for fifty years after the great struggle, and only finally lapsed in the century that closed in centennials of universal peace, national splendor, and good will. As we emulated their personal valor in war, as seen at Bunker Hill, Saratoga, Valley Forge, and Yorktown, in our battles from Bull Run to Gettysburg, and from Belmont to Appomattox, so let us follow their illustrious example in peace. A long and bloody civil war, closed with honorable terms of surrender, followed by measures of amity, the restoration of confidence and the love of Union. To-day the guns of Farragut are silent, the horsemen of Sheridan are at rest, the sword of Grant is sheathed; and the spirit of the martyred

Lincoln rests in celestial joy. The past is gone irrevocably, only its history remains; the present is but a fleeting breath; the future only is limitless, eternal. As in the old world theocracy gave us but one Moses, monarchy but one Solomon, art but one Raphael, the Reformation but one Luther, war but one Napoleon, the new world gave us but one Revolution, but one Washington to achieve its success, but one flag to symbolize its power, but one Union of a common brotherhood, united in one faith, in one God. Hope brightens the future of the reunited Republic. Patriotism will preserve its liberties for all. Industry will garner its harvests. Brain and muscle will win its victories, and fidelity to truth, honor and virtue will preserve them.

An intelligent retrospect of the providences of life as seen in the agencies of God, is sometimes prophetically suggestive; and as the darkening clouds of war rise higher and higher, until rifted and broken by the mountain ranges, and the sunlight of peace beams over the fruitful landscape of a continent; we can see the hastening processes of the hand of time as it fashions human destiny.

In the history of America, every century has been an age of continental evolution. The Sixteenth century gave the New World to the explorers; the Seventeenth fringed the Western Shores of the Atlantic with Anglo-Saxon blood, and gave the world freedom of religious conscience; the Eighteenth wrested the continent from the control of native heathens, and secured the right of eminent domain from the despots of Europe; The Nineteenth marshalled the energies of the new nation, and in the agonies of war dedicated them to universal freedom.

In the year of our Lord 1700 the race numbered less than six million souls. In 1800 the race, the English speaking people, had increased to 20,000,000, and to-day they number over one hundred millions.

The expansion of this race is as astounding as its multiplication. In one century the United States has increased its territory tenfold, while the acquisition of colonial territory by Great Britain within the same period is unprecedented in history. This mighty Anglo-Saxon race, loving liberty and dominion, inspired by

the liberated forces of an enlightened religious conscience, though but one-fifteenth part of mankind in numbers, now holds dominion over more than one-third of the earth's surface, and governs more than one-fourth of its people.

This race is riding the *highest* wave of Christian civilization in its grand sweep across a continent. This race has settled, and settled forever, conflicting opinions that will hasten the culmination of God's Providences, and make it a unit in aggressive evangelization throughout the world.

It has been said, "Every race which has deeply impressed itself on the human family, has been the representative of some grand idea, which has given direction to the nation's life, and form to its civilization."

Among the Egyptians this seminal idea was *life*, among the Persians it was *light*, among the Hebrews it was *purity*, among the Greeks it was *beauty*, among the Romans it was *law*. The Anglo-Saxon, in his progressive career, has imprinted upon the page of history two grand ideas—*Liberty* and *Dominion*.

And as its heroic generations pass into the twilight of the grave amidst the fragrance of flowers and affection's offerings, in these last days of the Nineteenth century, we can almost see the gray dawn of the Twentieth, and with it the emerging era of commercial splendor that precedes the golden age, and then will prophet see and the living millions feel the impulse of wealth in art, science, and literature, then will the arm of the American sculptor chisel in classic forms her heroes, then will American artists paint her battles for freedom, American poets chant songs of worthy fame, and American historians crown all with the record of truth.

The propulsive forces of a hundred years of peace were unloosed by the higher demands of the race in the field of war. The tremendous issue called to the front the noblest manhood of the generation, and when the sun set upon Appomattox and national peace, April 9, 1865, it rose in morning splendor on the 10th, upon the united energies of the greatest nation of men upon the face of the earth.

Spears we had not to beat into plowshares, and the swords we carried were kept as mementoes of the deathless valor of those who fell, and the honored record of those who survived.

We did better than our ancient Fathers advised; we turned warlike leaders into peaceful laymen, and veteran soldiers into industrious citizens. Our chieftains became Presidents of the country, and the country's colleges and railroads. The poor privates in war, became the prince of wealth in peace. The country that incurred a debt at the rate of \$3,000,000 a day for two successive years, has now a tantalizing *surplus* of hundreds of millions of silver and gold. So great is this surplus, that it excites the grave apprehensions of the President of the Republic, and the distinguished constitutional advisers who surround him.

This phenomenal condition of the country is not without profound interest to the old soldier, Union and Confederate. In 1860 the estimated wealth of the country was \$16,160,000,000; in 1880 it had increased 170 per cent., or \$27,257,000,000—\$10,000,000,000 more than the entire wealth of the Russian Empire, or \$267,000,000 more than the estimated wealth of Great Britain, therefore the richest nation of the earth. During four years of these two decades, over one million of producers were destroyed by war, and not only two of the largest armies of modern times were withdrawn from productive occupations, but all their marvelous energies and ingenuity were conscientiously devoted to the work of destruction; to this inventory of loss must be added the value of property in slaves in 1860; viz., \$1,250,000,000, all of which disappeared from the assets of the nation.

A great statistician sums up our increase in wealth for the twenty years between 1860 and 1880 at the rate of \$260,000 for every hour, excluding Sundays, or \$6,257,000 for every week day during the same period. From this pride of wealth, we turn to a National domain so great, that comparison fails to give us a just conception of it. For every acre of land east of the Mississippi River we have two and a half acres west of that stream, excluding Alaska. We have twenty-six States east of that river, we can create sixty-five additional Commonwealths of equal area west of it, giving us a Union of ninety-one States. And if we want more room for future use, our children (I mean the sons of veterans, Union and Confederate) may add Mexico to California, and Canada to Alaska.

It is said, and with truth, that Texas could have produced all the food crops for 50,000,000 people on her 164,215 square miles of land in 1879. Could have raised the world's supply of cotton, 12,000,000 bales, at one bale per acre and still had left a cattle ranch larger than the two Virginias.

It is a source of pleasure to know that the youngest of Nations is a Republic, and the richest, "and that the richest of all nations has as yet only begun to develop its resources."

Less than one-eighth of our arable land is now under cultivation. A less proportion of our Mineral wealth is developed, and the only limit of our manufacturing possibilities in the world's need. Gladstone says we have "a natural base for the greatest continuous Empire ever established by man." Matthew Arnold says, "America holds the future." And one of our New England freshmen astonished his asthetic classmen by saying he "never felt as if he were out of doors, until he stepped off the cars west of the Missouri and rode with the 'cow-boys in a round up.'" In remembrance of our common Fatherhood, in the enjoyment of a citizenship that commands the respect of every government of the world, in view of a past that signalizes a National Supremacy, in view of a future that promises a Republic, in peace and in war, war aggressive or defensive, we are admonished by considerations of self interest and public policy, to forget the old animosities that dissolved in blood and anguish, and cultivate those new alliances that generate good fellowship, the splendor of Commercial enterprise, and the practical fruits of manufacturing advantage. If the war of 1861 to '65 established one fact over and above all others, it was the geography of the United States. No school boy can misapprehend this fact; if there be one thing above all others, for which the citizens of the United States are pre-eminently distinguished, it is their love of country; no student of our history, however dull, can misconceive this truth. Consecrated to the generation in which we live beyond all others by the trials and triumphs of war, and the accomplishments of peace, we are bound together by these ties of race and of kindred, by mountain ranges, chains of lakes and flowing rivers, by belts of mineral wealth, by electric

wires and tracks of steel, and by an inborn love of personal, civil and religious liberty.

The natural outcome of these conditions should be, and we believe will be, the restoration of natural confidence, a broader spirit of tolerance than heretofore experienced, and the united efforts of all, for the good of all, high or low, rich or poor, free and freedmen.

An incident occurred within a cannon shot of the city of Richmond on the afternoon of June 11, 1864, which painfully illustrates the strong ties that existed among the best men in the opposing armies during the flood tide of the war. An engagement was in progress on the Brook Pike, known in history as the Yellow Tavern. It was a cavalry engagement, one of the many sanguinary conflicts between the cavalry corps of the A. of P., and the cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia. Eighteen thousand horsemen were present in this conflict; the country was open, and lines of battle were visible from right to left of the contending troops. It was the first fight between Sheridan and Stuart. Sheridan had cut loose from Grant on the Rappahannock, passed Beaver Dam Station on the Virginia Central Railroad. Marching between scorching suns, he reached the head of Brook Pike to find the ever alert Stuart athwart his path to Richmond. A battery commanded the highway, flanked by carbineers who successfully resisted the advance, while Hampton was thundering up our rear, stubbornly resisted by General Gregg. The situation was deemed critical for the hour by officers of the Union line.

General Custer was in reserve with his Michigan brigade, 1,800 mounted men. I was riding with Gen. Merritt, who was watching with solicitude the fatal efforts of the shot and shell of the battery upon our lead horses, when General Custer rode up, saying, "General Merritt, I am going to charge that battery." The necessary support was promptly tendered by the Division Commander, and in less than ten minutes the Michigan brigade was on the move, every moment increasing its velocity, eighteen hundred fearless riders, eighteen hundred gleaming blades drew from double shotted guns their hissing wrath, but all in vain. The rush of horse was irresistible, under the lead of the

impetuous commander and his veteran followers. The battery was literally rode down, the line of support was broken, and in a gallant effort to save a retiring gun, General Stuart was exposed to the common danger of the contact and melee resulting from the charge, and fell mortally wounded; his body and the coveted gun were hastened from the field by his surviving companions.

During the movement General Sheridan appeared upon the scene, and when the last of the brigade had passed the crest of the hill, and the captured and disabled guns and caissons could be seen through the rising dust and smoke of the charge, he expressed his satisfaction, and directed a message of congratulation to be sent to General Custer, complimenting him upon his success.

It was my duty to carry this message, and upon its delivery, I received from General Custer the news of the fall of Stuart. I shall never forget the sad face of the heroic and generous Custer. Naturally elated by his successful charge, and the congratulations of his commander on the field of honor, he seemed to forget his own joy, and thought only of the mortal anguish suffered by his brave and manly foeman, and the sorrow it would bring to a loving and devoted household. Nor was this all. When the news of the Confederate leader's fall was brought to the Union line, a feeling of profound regret was manifest on the part of many officers who knew him and served with him prior to the war. This feeling was shared by many volunteer officers and men, who in their three years experience in campaigning against the operations directed by this officer, had learned to respect him as the highest type of manhood personating the public enemy in time of war.

All that is here said of Stuart, may be said with equal truth of the fall of General Rodas within the Union lines at the battle of Winchester a few months later. Every day of contact brought its evidence of lingering fraternal feelings. Rosser's return to Custer of his colored cook, Eliza, a few hours after her capture at Trevillian, was duly acknowledged by the latter as an act of gallantry. And all will remember how the boys in blue and gray, in defiance of the most string-

ent orders, exchanged newspapers, coffee and tobacco across the "bloody chasm" from the Potomac to the Mississippi.

One more incident is in point. Serg't Harry G. Hunter, of Co. L., 17th Pa. cavalry, now Principal of the High School of Birdsboro, Penna., was in command of a squad of cavalry, twelve in number, in the late winter of 1863, and was patrolling the old Telegraph road from Acquia Church to Dumfries; on his return through a dense fog, emerging from a piece of woodland to open field, beyond which was timberland, distant some 300 yards; midway between the line of wood just about daylight the befogged Union patrol discovered the advance of a similar squad or patrol. The meeting was a mutual surprise; both squads were marching in sections of four; both commanders gave the command, "By twos, march"; each yielding half of the road and passed; each discovering as they passed that they were "Union and Confederate," yet neither drew a sword nor fired a shot. It is, however, due to the sagacity of Serg't Hunter to say that he failed to mention this circumstance in his morning report; and not until the war was over did the remarkable episode come to the knowledge of his commanding officer.

These incidents illustrate the strong ties of friendship that existed between the rank and file of the North and South, during the sharp friction of war. And when the sound of the last gun was lost to mortal sense in its receding echo among the hills of Appomattox, when guns were stacked and tents were pitched for the last time, long before the setting sun on that eventful day, there was a union of the blue and gray. This was the beginning of the era of peace. Good-will among the men of arms, North and South, has been a prevailing characteristic ever since. And now all who survive of the Army of the Potomac, and of the Army of Northern Virginia, are invited guests—to a reunion at Gettysburg, July 1st to 4th, being the 25th anniversary of the war. No impending event in the immediate future presages more important sequences to the citizenship of the Republic than the reunion in peace of their two great representative armies of the North and South.

Could the dead heroes, among whose honored graves we stand to-day, speak—could we hear the voice of the great silent majority, who have been mustered into the heavenly army, their command would be more imperative, if possible, than the commands of Meade and Lee in hastening the concentration of their great armies upon that historic field in 1863.

Standing among and addressing you, my comrades, the past rises before us like a dream. Again comes the hurrying of impatient feet. Again is heard the bugle blast to arms and to horse. Again the national flag unfurls, flashing its star-fire in the morning sun. Again the column of blue emerges from towns and cities, crowded with excited and admiring people. The plow-boy leaves his unturned furrow. The mason quits his unfinished wall. The merchant closes his unbalanced ledger. The student turns from the class-room. The anvil ring is no longer heard under the village elm. Wealth has deserted its cushions of ease. Poverty has gone from its home of pinching want. Idleness has forsaken its leisure. Dissipation thrown aside its cup. Love yields its idols of home. A common impulse welds all hearts. A common cause levels all ranks. Frost of age and bloom of youth march side by side. Farewells are waved from curtained window and cottage door. Unuttered blessings tremble on blanched lips, as brave men break from womanly arms. Mothers, wives and sweethearts look through tearful eyes until dear ones are out of sight. Then comes the memory of noted fields, the shock of battle, whistling bullet, bursting shell, terrific charges, the impulse of victory, or the sympathy of defeat, the ghastly plain, the silent burial of the honored dead, the days of watching, and sleepless nights, the tattered standards, armless sleeves, empty chairs, and the graves you honored to-day.

How fitting that once a year at least we should turn from the conflicting interests and passions of daily life, and here renew the inspiration of their sublime example. No lip can speak as do their quiet graves. No eloquence can hush voices which sound with more than human accent. They bid us make "Memorial Day" worthy of them, not in idle speech, however matchless its phrase, or lofty its tone; not in holiday parade, how-

ever solemn ; not in mere gift of flowers, however sweet with the breath of Spring ; not in an hour about their hallowed tombs, though heads be bowed and faces saddened. These beautiful tributes will fade away and mingle with the sod they cover, their beauty and their perfume lost to sight and sense forever. The words we speak will soon be gone in the air that gives them wings. This day itself will soon melt into the shadows of night, its record made, its covered pages clasped, its story told.

As we turn from these scenes we go to renew the great battle of life. Our country is grand in its proportions, great in its resources, interesting in its traditions, history and associations, rich in material wealth ; ships are ever loading at our wharfs, wheels and looms are humming with endless industry, harvest burdens her fields, arteries of precious ore run through her mountains, her progress in Art, Literature, and Science is assured. What she most needs to-day, what she will always require, is noble, manly, and womanly character. This best heritage will out-last all others and survive alike the ruin of field and sacking of city. What a centre of civilization was Athens two thousand years ago ? What pride was there of capital ? What glory of fashion ? What elequence in the forum ? What traffic in the market-place ? What toil in field and forest and mine ? Now all is silence ; merchant princes are forgotten ; wealth, trade and the votaries of fashion have all departed. But through the ages, above the lost city and deserted plain, comes the voice of this once noble thinker, Socrates, whose life is the glory of Athens to-day. So it may be with us, if we possess and preserve the integrity of our own souls. We may not, probably will not, flood the world with the light of lofty thought, or wondrous deed, or be imaged on templed hill in brass or stone ; it matters not. We can all do much in our several spheres to help on the race in its pilgrimage after the highest and best of human attainments.

"In soldiers' burial lots,
On tablets of iron and of stone,
Flower and flag point to the word "unknown."

No loved one brings tear-moistened wreath to deck

his unshorn grave, or brush away the dead leaves gathered there by Autumn winds. The wild flower which nods above him, and your annual and fraternal offerings are all the tribute his resting-place may ever know. But he fought just as bravely, died just as nobly as others, and when the last great trump shall sound the immortal reveille, his manhood will not be "unknown" then and there. So with us in the providence of life. We may stand in the trench, unseen of men; if we there remain, bravely doing the duty that comes to us, we will be esteemed as faithful as if in the battle on the towering summit of fortress wall. As our dead brothers were loyal to duty, as they were brave in the hour of danger, as they died loving country and honor before all, so let us live, that the country may be worthy of their sacrifice. There are duties and tasks in our common walks which call for heroic faithfulness. There are dangers to be braved and temptations to be resisted. There are low aims to be renounced and high purposes to be accomplished. There are kind words to be spoken and holy deeds to be wrought. There are tearful eyes to dry, bowed heads to raise, weak arms to strengthen, idle hands to assist, hungry mouths to feed; blessings, indeed, to be scattered on every hand. To the land these dead heroes ransomed, to the age they glorified we can leave no legacy like a noble manhood. It is rich beyond all possessions and outranks all titles. Above and beyond all the accidents of life, the glitter of fame, the mockery of show, the pride of wealth, the heritage of a name, it stands in perpetual historical relief, and unites with links of gold, the pride of ancestry, with the love of the country.

I.

Comrades, sons of noble sires,
 Late from camp and battle's lurid fires.
 In peace and honor we meet once more,
 While on the march for the shining shore.

II.

Old gray-headed men now meet to tell
 Of battles lost and won, of friends who fell,
 Of gallant comrades who bravely fought,
 Of comrades dead, who died while they wrought.

III.

On every field by veteran trod,
 Upon every field of crimson sod,
 The hand that held the chastening rod,
 Was the hand of an over-ruling God.

IV.

Southern Summer's suns melt Winter's snow,
 Northern streams through Southern valleys flow.
 Vernal flowers along their shores now grow,
 As they did in peace, long years ago.

V.

Boys learn war, as fathers did before,
 Together, on the classic Hudson's shore.
 Truer friend to country ne'er could be,
 Than sons of those who fought with Grant and Lee.

VI.

Maidenhood still loves the brave and true,
 Whether sons of the Gray or of the Blue,
 And the new Union's blood is seen
 In loyal children on the village green.

VII.

Battle-fields that shook beneath the tread
 Of hosts, are sepulchers of the dead :
 By known names, or nameless and unknown,
 Their deeds live in memory, bronze and stone.

VIII.

On these acres of mounds pilgrims will lay
 Fresh offerings of "Memorial Day,"
 And the hand of Him, who "doth all things well,"
 Will raise the known and unknown who fell.

IX.

Father of the living and the dead,
 From us banish hate,—and in its stead,
 So give us the right to see,
 "That we may hold,
 Those once our foes,"
 In fraternal charity.

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